Vpon his party for the gaine there of,
And therevpon he ſends you this good newes:
That this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, muſt die at *Pomfret*.
*Haſt*. Indeede I am no mourner for this newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill mine enemies:
But that Ile giue my voyce on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my maſters heires in true diſent,
God knowes I will not do it to the death.
*Cat*. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde,
*Haſt*. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat*. What my Lord?
*Haſt*. Ere a Fort-night make me elder,
Ile ſend ſome packing that yet thinke not one it.
*Cat*. Tis a vile thing to die my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
*Haſt*. O monſtrous, monſtrous, and ſo fals it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and ſo twill doo
With ſome men elſe, who thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowſt are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
*Cat*. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
*Haſt*. I know they doe, and I haue well deſerued it.

*Enter Lord Stanley.*

What my L. where is your Boare-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Boare, and goe you ſo vnprouided?
*Stan*. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieſt one, but by the holy Roode,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall counſels I.
*Haſt*. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe proteſt,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as, I am?
*Stan*. The Lords of *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and ſuppoſde their ſtates was ſure,

And



And indeede had no cauſe to miſ
But yet you ſee how ſoone the da
This ſuddaen ſcab of rancor I miſe
Pray God I ſay, I proue a needle
But come my Lord ſhall we to th
*Haſt*. I go: but ſtay, heare you
This day thoſe men you talke of
*Sta*. They for their truth might
Then ſome that haue accuſed them
Bat come my L. let vs away.
*Haſt*. Go you before Ile follow

*Enter Haſtings a*

*Haſt*. Well met *Haſtings*, how
*Pur*. The better that it pleaſe y
*Haſt*. I tell thee fellow, tis better
Then when I met thee laſt where
Then was I going priſoner to the
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queene
But now I tell thee (keepe it to th
This day thoſe enemyes are put t
And I in better ſtate then euer I w
*Pur*. God hold it to your Hono
*Haſt*. Gramercy *Haſtings*, hol

*He giues him his*

*Pur*. God ſaue your Lordſhip.
*Haſt*. What Sir *Iohn*, you are w
I am beholding to you for your la
Come the next Sabboth, and I wi

*Enter Bucking*

*Bus*. How now Lord *Chamberl*
Your friends at *Pomfret* they do
Your Honour hath no ſtriuing w
*Haſt*. Good faith, and when I m
Thoſe men you talke of, came int
What, go you to the Tower my
*Buc*. I do, but long I ſhall not ſt
I ſhall returne before your Lordſ
*Haſt*. Tis like enough for I ſtay
*Buc*. And ſupper too although to

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